Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettal *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
To it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his maiſter for a preſent.
Titus. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters?
Shall I haue iuſtice, what ſaies *Iupiter*?
Clowne. Ho the Ibbetmaker, hee ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hangd till the next weeke.
Titus. But what ſaies *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
Titus. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my pidgions ſir, nothing els.
Titus. Why, didſt thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen! alas ſir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes.
Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.
Marcus. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the Emperour from you.
Titus. Tell mee can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace?
Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.
Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

But

4- his lordship -